

cloud of Xochimilco flowers,
cloying as the topping from a birthday cake.
Only your anchor hand stops my heart, that kite,

from bursting its frame,
so buoyed is it -- a comic
strip balloon filled with exclamation points, light
warm and waxen and birthday-candle brazen
flows down from my heart and makes our hands unite.

-- Roger Finch

Tokyo, Japan

SAME DAY DEVELOPING

Due to problems in the darkroom, the place that
promised "same day developing" was unable to develop
my pictures the same day. I had to go back the next
day. They were very sorry about the inconvenience.
I sipped complimentary coffee and looked at lenses
in a velvet display case (just as I had the previous
day). Then I heard that dreaded voice from the
darkroom: "We've got problems...." The identical
problems. Already I could see the same day develop-
ing in that place.

OLIVER

I'm walking behind a man in a blue turban. This is
the diamond district. Obviously, if the diamonds
are anywhere, they are hidden in his turban. He
keeps touching it. It is pinned from the inside.
Now someone comes out of a coffee shop and almost
knocks him over. Instinctively his hands fly up to
make sure the turban is still secure. He glances
this way and that, hoping he hasn't attracted too
much attention. As he hurries across the block I
see his reflection in a store window. He has olive
skin. It's exactly five shades darker than an olive.